Now Iesu blesse me, am I metaphorphosed?
I think I know not my selfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my
honesty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I
should scarsely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreasonable woolsacke is this? He was ne-
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I
gaue such assurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,
they should neuer see more holy-daies. Well, I shall
trust fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O god,
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres Mistris *Foord*.

*Enter Mistresse Foord.*

*Mis.For.* How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

*Mis.Pag.* O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case
in my life.

*Mis.Foord.* In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

*Mis.Pa.* With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethee looke on that Letter.

*Mis.For.* Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name
Of Mistresse *Page*, and Mistresse *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnesse to looke vpon this.

*Mis.Pa.* Why this is right my Letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?
Let's be reuenged what so ere we do.

*Mis.*



*Mis.For.* Reuenged, if we liue wee'l be reuenged.
O Lord, if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

*Enter Foord, Page, Pistoll, and Nym.*

*Mis.Pa.* See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

*Pis.Foord*, the words I speake are forc'st:
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife;
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this.

*Foord.* Why sir, my wife is not young.

*Pis.* He wooes both yong & old, both rich & poore,
None comes amisse. I say he loues thy wife:
Faire warning do I giue, take heed,
For summer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;
*Page* beleeue him what he ses. Away sir corporal *Nym*.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Nym.* Sir, the humour of it is, he loues your wife,
I should haue borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake, and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.
Farwell, I loue not the humour of bread and cheese,
And there's the humour of it. *Exit Nym.*

*Page.* The humor of it, quoth you;
Heeres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Mis.Pa.* How now sweete hart, how dost thou?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Pa.* How now man? how do you Mistris *Foord*?

*Mis.Foord.* Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chance thou art so melan-
choly?

*Foord.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.

Goe